

LIBRARY OF DEATH COVER POSTER



# FROM THE DEPTHS...

HELP, MUMMY! What a wonderfully creepy cover poster, eh? And if you think that's good, wait till you read the Library of Death story it comes from. It's called "Terror of the Tomb"... and you can read it within these pages. Trouble is, will you dare to put the poster on your wall, after reading the chilling story?

*GHASTLY McNASTY*

## McNASTY MAIL

No room for me to say much... so I'll let you mortals say it for me!

Dear Ghostly,

In issue 3's quiz you say that the male equivalent of a witch is a magician. IT ISN'T! The answer should be a warlock. Has the sight of your reflection ruined your mind?  
Steven Campbell, Rainham, Kent.

Have a care with your tone, mortal! And more importantly BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS! The answer to the question was (C) A Wizard. Both wizard and warlock are accepted names!

Dear Ghostly,

We humans in Talibody

thought your creepy creatures quiz rather simple. So, with the greatest respect, could you make the next one harder?  
Michael Crawford, Talibody, Clackmannanshire.

Simple, eh? Well Steven Campbell didn't find it simple! Here's hoping that issue 3's Oracle quiz stumped you!

Dear Ghostly,

A little joke for you... What type of coffee can't Dracula drink?

Answer: De Caffeinated!  
Andrew Jones, Poreys.  
You were right, mortal... it was a "little" joke...

## McNASTY'S GRUESOME GRID QUIZ

Think you've been reading SCREAM thoroughly, do you? We'll see... fill in the missing words in the grid below, and when you've answered all the questions you should be able to find the title of one of my stories, reading downwards in one column of the grid. Check your answers at the foot of the page.

1. UNCLE TERRY IS KNOWN AS **MONSTER**.
2. **CRAG** DRAWS THE 13th FLOOR.
3. THE AMAZING **JOE** AND **OUR** GHOST HUNTING DUO.
4. OR, ULRICH **KING** LED THE TERROR OF THE CATS.
5. LIBRARY OF DEATH STORY **13th ROAD**.
6. CAPTAIN **BLACK** WAS ONE OF ORACULA'S SLAVES.
7. KENNY **FRANCIS** IS UNCLE TERRY'S NEPHEW.
8. SPIDER AND **STRAIT** WERE VICTIMS OF THE 13th FLOOR.
9. LIBRARY OF DEATH STORY **THE WEREWOLF**.
10. **MAX** IS MAX'S CONTROLLER.
11. WE'VE A **TALE** FOR YOU EACH WEEK.

MONSTER & MONSTER, 2 ORTIZ & HOGANS & KNUKE & DEATH & BLACK & COMMAN & RANED  
9 BERNARD & 10 JEFF & 11 GHASTLY & 12 STONE & NIGHTMARE.

All readers who have contributions printed on this page win £5!

## GHASTLY'S GRISLY GALLERY

I was considering giving the walls down here in The Depths a lick of Old Mould paint, for I am ashamed to say that parts of them were beginning to look almost nice. Thankfully, all your Gasty Gallery contributions are now covering up the bits where there are no stains. Here is the latest selection...



Meet The Bubble Man, who popped down into The Depths thanks to RICHARD BRYANT, from Kent.

And here's a truly demonic terror, drawn by JACK WONG, who lives in Belfast.



This fearsome two-faced fiend was drawn by CRAIG FRANCIS, of Memequide. Hope you're not trying to tell me that two Eds are better than one, Craig.

SCREAM,  
THE DEPTHS,  
KING'S REACH  
TOWER,  
STANDARD  
STREET,  
LONDON SE1 9LS

DRACULA, THE LEGENDARY VAMPIRE, HAD COME TO BRITAIN. IN LONDON, HE HAD FOUND THE PERFECT LAIR...



IT'S EVENING!

COME - IT WILL SOON BE HIS TIME AGAIN...

THIS PROPERTY CONDEMNED

MURDERING ABOVE THE COFFIN-LID, DRACULA ROSE, TOWERING ABOVE THE CRIBBING SLAVES...

I GO IN SEARCH OF BLOOD!



YES, MASTER G-GOOD RUNNING.

**SCREEN**

SCRIPT: KEN ROBLE  
ART: EDC. BARNHAY  
LETTERING: J. ALDRICH

I FEEL THE WARMTH OF SO MANY BODIES... LIKE A BANQUET SPREAD BEFORE ME. BUT I MUST CHOOSE MY VICTIM CAREFULLY!



THE VAMPIRE HAD CREATED TWO 'SLAVES'...

YES! SEE THE LID. IT IS MISSING... HE RISES!



# THE DRACULA FILE

WITH A THOUGHT, DRACULA ALTERED HIS FORM... INTO A VICIOUS WIMPIRE BAT?



DRIVE ON, CHARLIE. THIS IS THE LAST BUS AND IT'S STAYIN' EMPTY - ANY PASSENGERS WILL CLOW US UP!

STOP PLEASE STOP.

LATER...



INSIDE THE BUS,  
THE ACCIDENT-PRONE  
THE STAIRS JUST  
SHOWED ROWS  
OF EMPTY SEATS...



I CAN SIT  
DOWN AND—HUNT  
WHAT'S THAT  
GOUND UPSTAIRS?  
WE'VE NO  
PASSENGERS!

THE CONDUCTOR  
CLIMBED THE  
STAIRS AND...



WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME? HIGH?  
THE SEATS SO YOU  
DON'T SHOW UP IN  
THE MIRROR...?



YOU HEAR ME,  
MATE... I WANT  
YOU OFF! IT'S  
THE END OF THE  
LINE!

FOR YOU IT  
MOST CERTAINLY  
IS, PEASANT!

MOMENTS  
LATER...



AAAAARGH!



NOW I LEAVE  
IN VECHEE!—MY  
PRESENCE  
UNWITNESSED!

BUT NOT FAR AWAY, ANOTHER MAN  
OF ROMANIAN ORIGIN WALKED THE  
LONDON STREETS...



COLONEL STANIS, KNOWING THAT  
DRACULA WAS IN BRITAIN, HAD  
DEFECTED TO THE WEST TO PURSUE  
AND DESTROY HIM.

STANIS CARRIED THE  
WEAPON OF THE VAMPIRE  
HUNTER WITH HIM...



A SIMPLE ARMSAL  
COMPARED WITH THAT  
HUNTER'S POWERS... BUT  
THEY WILL DEFEAT HIM.  
IF I CAN JUST GET  
CLOSE ENOUGH TO  
USE THEM!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

THE MASTER  
RETURNING  
SATISFIED?

UURGH!

WHAT IS  
YOUR  
MASTER?



I CAUGHT A SCENT  
OF THAT BARBICUE  
THROUGH THE CITY'S  
SMELLS. COULD IT BE  
THE HUNTER HAS  
SOMEHOW SURVIVED  
THE TRAP I SET FOR  
HIM...?

WE MUST ALL BE ON OUR GUARDS!  
THAT STRANGER FROM MY HOME-  
LAND WITH HIS BAG OF PEASANT  
TRICKS MIGHT STILL BE ON MY  
TRAIL!



THEN...



A MAN WITH THE  
BAG! HE MIGHT BE  
THE HUNTER. GOT  
TO TAKE HIM OUT  
HARD!

UURGH!

NOT FAR AWAY...

NOTHING — I HAVE  
WALKED MILES THIS NIGHT,  
AND STILL NO SIGN OF THE  
VAMPIRE!



UHH! WORKING THESE  
NIGHT SHIFTS IS KILLING  
ME! I'M EXHAUSTED AND  
LUGGING ANY TOOL-BAG  
HOME DOESN'T HELP!

YOU WILD EGG,  
THOSE ARE JUST  
WOODWORK TOOLS  
— HE IS NO HUNTER

UH, NO...  
E-POSE NOT!



SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN, THOUGH.  
EAST I KNOCKED OFF EARLY.  
ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY  
KNOCKED OFF THESE  
DERELICT BUILDINGS, TOO!



UURGH! G-GOTTA  
GET AWAY, FIND A  
CORNER! THEY'RE  
DANGEROUS!



HE IS ESCAPING! QUICKLY,  
WE MUST TELL OF THIS.  
THE MASTER WILL BE  
FURIOUS!

THE INSURED NIGHT-WORKER MANAGED  
TO ELUDE HIS PURSUERS....



I'VE LOST THOSE  
MANEATS... JUST  
GOT TO STOP AND  
CATCH MY BREATH!

HUH?  
WHAT'S  
THAT?



A PAIR OF EYES  
INSIDE THE TELLAR-  
BOX? IT AIN'T  
POSSIBLE!

THE WORKER LAY DEAD... A  
VICTIM OF DRACULA'S  
UNNATURAL POWER... BUT...



IT - IT IS ALMOST  
DAWN. QUICKLY - MY  
POWER IS WAXING -  
HELP ME TO MY  
REST-PLACE

YES, MASTER...

DURGH... SOME SORT OF MIST  
POURING OUT... CHOKING ME!  
NO! NOOOOO!



IN A HOTEL, A LITTLE WAY AWAY...



IT TURNED OUT TO  
BE A WASTED NIGHT,  
YET I WOULD SAY I  
CAME CLOSE TO FINDING  
THAT MONSTER. NOW  
I MUST SLEEP. I WILL  
NEED ALL MY STRENGTH  
FOR MY NEXT  
ENCOUNTER!



M - NOW I'LL TRY ON  
WATCH FOR THE  
VAMPIRE HUNTER!  
HE MAY YET FIND  
US!

YES, MASTER...  
NOW YOU MUST  
SLEEP.



HUNTERS? I HAVE  
KNOWN THEM SINCE  
OLD, IN MY HOME-  
LAND. THEY HAVE  
PLEASED ME EVER  
SINCE THE DRACULA  
NAME WAS FIRST  
HEARD. I REMEMBER  
ONE VAMPIRE HUNTER  
IN PARTICULAR...



Next Issue: Once upon a  
time in Transylvania!

RICK AND BETH ROSSMAN HAD COME TO THE HOUSE KNOWN AS MARY'S MISTERY - A HOUSE POSSESSED WITH EVIL ENERGY - TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING THEIR PARENTS' DEATHS. NOW, THE HOUSE'S OWNER, A WACKY CUTLER, FLED FROM THE BLAZE HE HAD STARTED... INTO A NEW TRIANGLE.

# The NIGHTCOMERS



"GOD, IT'S SAME. LEAVE ME ALONE! I HAVEN'T SLEEPED ENOUGH..."

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL YOU..."

"IT... IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE IT!"

"AAAAIEEEEN!"

THE TERRIBLE, ASSAULTING SCREAM WAS TOO MUCH FOR CUTLER - AND HE FLED INTO THE NIGHT.



"NNN-OOOO!"

"MEANWHILE, IN THE NEARBY OUTHOUSE..."

"BETH, IT'S NO USE. THE GUY'S GETTING OUT OF HAND - WE'VE NEVER STOP IT SPREADING TO THE HOUSE!"

"WE'VE USED A LOT OF STRENGTHENERS TO CONTAIN THIS NOW!"

"THIS EXTINGUISHES..."



BETH POSSESSED MANY UNUSUAL, MENTAL POWERS - ONE WAS AN "INNER EYE", ENABLING HER TO SENSE THE PRESENCE OF THINGS, WITHOUT ACTUALLY SEEING THEM.

"PICTURE FORMING... GOT IT!"

**SCREEN**  
SCRIPT: TOM TOLLY  
ART: J. SCHAFER  
LETTERING: C. BARRERAS

WELL, THERE'S ONE  
OVER THERE  
UNDER THAT PILE  
OF RUBBISH!

HUH?

GOOD GRACE, YOU'RE RIGHT -  
AN OLD ONE - BUT IT DOESN'T  
LOOK AS THOUGH IT'S BEEN  
USED!

FORTUNATELY, THE EXTINGUISHED WAXEN  
TORCH BURST, AND RICH'S POWERFUL  
HANDS SOON GOT IT REBURNED!

AND SHORTLY...

WELL, WE'VE SAVED THE  
HOUSE - AS THINGS TO  
THOSE CLEVER WHO  
CAUSED THE FIRE IN  
THE FIRST PLACE!

ONE OF THEM  
WAS JORDAN  
OUTER!

WE MUST HAVE BEEN TRYING  
TO BURN DOWN THE HOUSE -  
WITH THE HELP OF THAT  
OTHER MAN!

CUTLER MUST HAVE  
BEEN THE ONE WITH  
THE MASTRACK! I  
SWEAR, WHEN I  
HEARD WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE OTHER, I WAS

IN BOTH'S EYES, A MIST SEEMED TO  
FORM OVER THE TOP OF THE WALL.

"IT WAS POSSIBLE!" THE FIRE  
TURNED HIM INTO A BURNING  
TORCH - AND HE BURNED  
DOWN INTO THE WALL, SHATT!

DON'T KNOW WHY,  
BUT I SENSE  
THAT WHATEVER IS  
HAPPENING HERE  
IS CONNECTED WITH  
THE WELL -  
SOMETHING  
TRAGIC!





"I'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH A  
FEELING OF SADNESS, SUCH  
RESTLESSNESS AND... AND  
INDIGNATION!"

"OH, THE  
POOR  
WOMAN!"

"WHAT? HOWAID  
SHE? WHAT'S HER NAME?  
WHAT HAPPENED AT  
SAINT'S MESS?"

"THE RANSOMER LIES IN THAT  
HORRIBLE HOUSE. WE'VE  
GOT TO GO BACK IN THERE,  
RICK!"

"NOW, WAIT  
A MINUTE."



"THERE'S A DEAD MAN AT THE  
BOTTOM OF THAT WELL, AND IT  
LOOKS LIKE THOSE COPS  
TRIED TO SWIM HE ALIVE! BUT  
IT ABOUT TIME WE CALLED  
IN THE POLICE?"

"NO, RICK,  
PLEASE! NOT  
YET, ANYWAY."

"WE CAME HERE  
TO FIND OUT HOW  
AND WHY OUR  
FATHERS DIED.  
REMEMBER?"

"ONLY LET'S  
GIVE IT ONE  
MORE SHOT...  
THEN WE  
CALL IN THE  
LAW!"



"THE CROUCHING FIGURE HAD  
OVERHEARD THE CONVERSATION!"



"THERE MUST BE THE JORDAN  
RIVER. IS THAT RIGHT OUT  
ABOUT EIGHT, I'M FINISHED!"

"PERHAPS... IF I SACRIFICE THEM  
TO THE HOUSE, THE FIVE-STAR  
PLATE WILL LEAVE ME ALONE!  
THEY'RE ON TO DIE!"



THE HOUSE SEEMED TO STIR ITSELF ALIVE AND STEVE AND BETH ENTERED THE AIR WAS STIFLING LIKE THE FOUL BREATH OF A MALVOLENT, BROODING GIANT



WE'VE GOT TO ASSUME THAT THE HOUSE WAS A BLAIN, SUCH-A-TRIPOLAR ROOM WHICH IS THE HEAVY CENTRE GENERATING ALL THESE HORRORS

OHAN - LET'S TRY IN HERE!



HUH? STANGE ROOM. CUTLER WAS NOT TOO TASTY!

THE 'MEAT' OF THE HOUSE ISN'T HERE! BUT I CAN SENSE THAT WE'RE CLOSE



NOT 'JUNK', BETH! THERE'S OF THE ODDITY... OF BLAIN... MADE FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD

THIS PLACE IS CLUTTERED WITH THIN WEIRD JUNK!



CUTLER IS OBVIOUSLY NOT DEAD WITH THE SUICIDAL! THE KNOWLEDGE OF THIS IS BEHIND OUR UNDERSTANDING

I SPECIALLY IT'S A JOKE OF JUNK



OH, MUSTN'T GO RUBBING ALL ABOUT AS CAUTIONOUS AS THE BUST THAT COVERS THEM!



Next week: Hand of Horror!

# THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

HE YOUR PAL MAX HERE AGAIN - THE BUILDING COMPUTER IN THE PENTHOUSE SUITE AT MAXWELL TOWER. IT'S BEEN A WHOLE WEEK SINCE I TOOK AN EVIL DOOR TO MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR. I DO HOPE IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE I GET ANOTHER CHANCE...

I QUITE LIKE SOME OF THE CHARACTERS I'VE MET SINCE I STARTED TAKING PEOPLE THERE.

++THE BOPER FAMILY ARRIVED AT MY MAIN DOOR AT 10.0 AM++

GOOD MORNING. CAN I HELP YOU?

HEY - IT'S MAX, THE COMPUTER! HE'S FOR REAL!

HI MAX! WE'RE THE BOPERS - WE'RE MOVING IN TODAY.

ARE YOU? I HAVE NO RECORD OF THIS.

IT'S APARTMENT 15G. MR BULLOCK AT THE HOUSING OFFICE TOLD US SO HIMSELF!

THIS IS MOST STRANGE. THE POWELL'S LIVE AT 15G. THEY'VE NO INTENTION OF MOVING OUT.

++I CONTACTED MR. BULLOCK, BUT I COULD TELL EIGHT FROM THE START HE WASN'T ANY KIND OF PERSON++

LOOKS LIKE I MADE A MISTAKE. OH WELL, THESE THINGS HAPPEN.

BUT WE'VE NOWHERE TO STAY!

YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND CAN HAVE A COUCH IN HOSTEL 8B. THE CHILDREN WILL GO INTO CARE UNTIL YOU CAN PROVIDE A HOME FOR THEM!

SPLIT US UP! BUT YOU CAN'T!

**SCREEN**

SCRIPT:  
ZAN HOLLAND  
ART:  
ORRIS  
LETTERING:  
M. PETERS

++ JUST  
COULDN'T  
KEEP QUIET ++



I DON'T  
NEED A  
FLASHY  
COMPUTER  
TO TELL  
ME ANY  
JOB!

PARDON ME SAYING  
SO, MR. BULLOCK, BUT  
YOU'RE NOT BEING  
VERY FAIR. IF IT  
HADN'T BEEN FOR  
YOUR MISTAKE THE  
SOPERS WOULD STILL  
HAVE A HOME. IT'S  
YOUR RESPONSIBILITY  
TO RESOLVE THEM  
IMMEDIATELY!

YOU'VE HAD MY DREAM,  
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU  
CAN ALWAYS SLEEP IN  
THE STREETS!



DAD! PLEASE DON'T  
LET THEM TAKE US  
AWAY FROM YOU!



WE-WE-WE  
HAVE NO CHOICE  
BOP. YOU'VE  
GOT TO HAVE  
A ROOF OVER  
YOUR HEAD!

++ MAY ONLY BE A COMPLAINT, BUT I  
COULDN'T WATCH THE SOPERS GOING AWAY  
SO DISTRESSED WITHOUT FEELING VERY ANGRY!  
AFTER ALL, THEY WERE NEARLY MY TENANTS ++



++ BUT THERE WAS ONE WAY  
TO MAKE THE CALLOUS MR.  
BULLOCK CHANGE HIS MIND ++

++ A CLEVER LITTLE RUSE IF I SAY SO MYSELF.  
BULLOCK ARRIVED TEN MINUTES LATER ++



++ I PHONED HIM  
AT HOME THAT  
NIGHT ++

THIS IS MAX. YOU'D  
BETTER GET OVER  
HERE RIGHT AWAY.  
THE SOPERS ARE  
BACK!



BLOOMING PESTS!  
YOU CAN'T DO ENOUGH  
FOR SOME PEOPLE!

ALL RIGHT, MAX.  
I'M ON MY WAY.  
I'LL SOON SORT  
THEM OUT!

++ HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN SUCH  
A HURRY IF HE HAD KNOWN WHAT  
I HAD IN STORE FOR HIM ++



WHERE ARE  
THEY, MAX?

THEY WENT UP TO  
THE FIFTEENTH FLOOR.  
STEP OVER HERE INTO  
ANY LIFT.



GOING UP! OH  
BY THE WAY, AIR  
BULLOCK—I LIED  
TO YOU. THE  
BOPERS AREN'T  
REALLY HERE.

NOT  
HERE?!

NO AS FAR AS I KNOW,  
TWO OF THEM ARE IN  
A COUNCIL HOUSE, AND  
TWO ARE IN SOME  
DINING HALL.



WHERE YOU  
PUT THEM, YOU  
EVIL LITTLE  
WORM!

WHAT? HOW DARE  
YOU! I'LL HAVE YOU  
SHUT DOWN FOR  
THIS, COMPUTER!



YOU TRY THAT,  
AIR BULLOCK—  
AFTER YOU  
LEAVE MY  
THIRTEENTH  
FLOOR!

16 17  
14 15  
11 12  
9 10  
7 8  
5 6  
3 4  
1 2

THIRTEENTH  
FLOOR? BUT—  
THERE ISN'T ANY  
THIRTEENTH  
FLOOR!



OH, ISN'T  
THERE?

AAAAAAH!



UUUUH!



OHMYGOD! I'M ON A  
RAFT, IN A RAGING  
SEA! HOW DID I  
GET HERE?

A QUESTION  
THE BOPERS  
ARE  
PROBABLY ASKING  
THEMSELVES:  
AIR BULLOCK?



THE RAFT—  
IT'S STARTING  
TO SPLIT  
UP!

JUST THE WAY YOU SPLIT UP THE  
SOPERS. NOT VERY NICE WHEN IT'S  
HAPPENING TO YOU, IS IT?

OH, NO!



IT'S GOING!  
AARRGH!



HELP... HELP ME!  
I-I CAN'T SWIM!  
I'LL DROWN!

++THE SOPERS WERE ALL AT SEA, TOO-  
BUT BULLOCK DIDN'T LIFT A HAND TO  
HELP THEM, SO WHY SHOULD I  
HELP HIM?++

++STILL, I DIDN'T WANT TO KILL HIM.  
NOT UNLESS IT WAS ABSOLUTELY  
NECESSARY. SO I CONJURED UP  
A LOG++



GUERR-TH-THANK  
THE STARS!  
I WAS  
NEARLY  
DONE FOR!

++BEIDES, I WAS FAR FROM  
FINISHED WITH ABE BULLOCK++



THE SEA'S GROWING  
CALM, AND THERE BULLOCK++  
AN ISLAND!



I'M SAVED!



In seven days:  
Desert Island Max!



# TALES FROM THE GRAVE

## "The ESCAPE"



SCRIPT:  
B. GOODHILL  
ART:  
J. WATSON  
LETTERING:  
P. KNIGHT

BACK FOR MORE OF THE  
LIVER & FLESH CREEPIN'  
TALES, EN P. WILL TELL  
HALL-BOY, THAT'S ALL.  
DEEP DROOP I  
ONCE WHEN IS BURIED  
IN THE LIT FIVE  
O' MINE!

"YOUNG BILLY WHITE, AIN'T YOU A START?  
UNDERKIDDER APPRENTICE, I WORE  
A GRISTING, GRISTLY LITTLE WITCH!"

"STAY OUT, STAY  
FOR YOU, LAD!  
GET HER LAD  
OUT!"

"THAT KINE  
ON HER SIDE  
HAND  
DIAMONDS!"

"THIS BUNCH  
FEELS A TINY  
DUN!"

"COULD YOU  
WIDE BILLY WHITE?  
LEAVE THAT  
CORPSE ALONE!"

"THE LAD  
SLAM TO THAT  
KINE—THO' SHE  
IT SHE"

"WHY 'A  
GIVE IT  
FIRST!"

"BECAUSE I'M THE  
ROCK NAME, TO  
SMELLING  
LITTLE APPRENTICE!  
NOW HE OUT!"

"I SWEAR, JOE  
MORRISON, ONE DAY  
YOU'LL PAY ME  
TWO PAIN!"





WITH MURDER IN MIND,  
BILLY CRUMPS SLIGHTLY  
UP TO MORGAN. AHA...

CRASH

THERE'LL BE  
NO SLEP-LINED  
COFFIN FOR YOU,  
JEB MORGAN...

...JUST THE  
FILL STOMACH  
OF YOUR OWN,  
ROT-INFESTED  
CELLAR: SO  
NOT IN  
PLACE!

ONLY MINUTES PASSED-BUT BILLY HAD SCRAM-  
LED UP JEB'S STOLEN GOLD JEWELS AND DROPPED AN  
STOLEN TM IN MORGAN'S COFFIN. THEN HE  
WAS READY.

THE COFFIN LIDS  
SCRAMED DOWN FAST,  
BUT THIS SLEP! ALAP  
I MADE WILL PROVIDE  
AN ENTRANCE AND  
THERE'S AIR HOLES  
SO'S I CAN BREATHE!

WHEN THAT BOX IS  
SHIPPED OUT ON  
TOMORROW'S TUG,  
I'LL BE THE ONE  
HAPPY IT'S BOUND  
FOR AMERICA,  
WITH MY NEW  
FOUND WEALTH...



Next Instalment:  
Whate—all at sea!

## THE FINAL CUT!

CONT.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH  
AT ALL? TRYING TO  
MAKE A WORKER,  
BUT HERE, NOT A  
CONSUMER? THESE BOSS  
BUNS GOT TO HAVE  
MORE IMPACT?

1993 1994

A TRAP I AND  
I WILL FOR IT

WANT MORE?  
THIS YEAR  
TAKE UP  
MATHS AND?

ENVY!

QUALITY

800-4-A-FOOD  
800-426-3663

**DAHAHA**

THE  
END

ANCIENT EGYPT, 2000 BC  
THE BURIAL OF KING NEB

UNFORTUNATELY  
KING NEB IS  
NOT DEAD!

PRINCE ANKARA  
IN THE NAME OF  
HAAAN DEATHY,  
YOU CANNOT GO  
THROUGH WITH  
THIS! GET OUT  
FREE!

HAAAN  
DEATHY? AND  
WHAT DO YOU  
KNOW OF HAAAN  
DEATHY, HAAHY?

**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT-  
EMAN FURMAN  
ART-  
CASANOVA  
LETTERING-  
JY COGS

LIBRARY  
OF DEATH

# TERROR OF THE TOMB

YOUR WICKED  
EXPERIMENTS ON  
COARSE HAAAN  
MADE YOUR  
PARTNERS NOT  
THE WORSE BUT  
THE WORSE BUT  
THE WORSE BUT

CONSIDERING  
ME TO THIS SLOW  
ADVANCING DEATH  
MAKES YOU  
EAT WORSE &  
MONSTER THAN!

BUT IF YOU  
ADVANCE ME OF  
BEING EAT  
BY THE  
EYES MEASURING!  
OTHERS WOULD  
SUFFERLY JOINING  
IN ETERNAL  
TORMENT!

GOODBYE  
HAAAN! I  
SHALL NOT  
FORGIVE  
YOUR PROHIBITION

AND WITH THOSE WORDS, HAAAN  
WENT AWAY, LEAVING BEHIND THE GHOSTLY  
SARCOPHAGUS!

THOUSANDS OF YEARS LATER, THE  
YEAR 1944, AN EXPEDITION LED BY  
PROFESSOR BLAKE DISCOVERED THE  
TOMB, CONTAINING THAT SARCOPHAGUS

AT LAST!  
THE FINAL  
RESTING  
PLACE OF  
KING NEB!











**GREETINGS AGAIN,  
MORTALS!**

Drawn by **BARRY HAWKINS**,  
Edington Birmingham.

From **DAVID LEE**,  
Chesterfield,  
Derbyshire.

My McNasty challenge has still to be met! No one has yet drawn my face correctly, so that monstrous £50 prize — plus free tickets for the family to visit Madame Tussauds Waxworks — has still to be won! Madame Tussauds is where I have locked away a likeness of myself, to ensure fair play. All serious doodlers who have their attempts at my face printed, win £5 — and here is the latest selection. Finally — another due for you... as is fashionable in the entertainment world, I too have had a new job — only mine was performed by a sheet-metal worker!

From **MATTHEW WATSON**,  
Cockham, Berks.

By **SUSAN GALLICHAH**,  
St. Clement, Jersey C.I.

**Set your  
pulse  
racing  
with...**

**SCREAM**  
**No. 13**

**13**

"SCREAM 13 HAS PART ONE OF A  
FEARSOME FOUR PART MONSTERS  
OF THE DEEP POSTER FOR YOU  
TO COLLECT..."

"THERE'S A SPECIAL GHASTLY TALE —  
TOLD IN 13 FRAMES — FEATURING  
A VERY STRANGE 13-YEAR-OLD

"AND ON THE 13TH FLOOR, MAX IS  
REALLY MAKING MR. BULLOCK FEEL  
THE PINCH!"

**ORDER A COPY  
FROM YOUR  
NEWSAGENT  
TODAY!**

**DON'T BE UNLUCKY AND MISS SCREAM No.13!**

Published every Monday by IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 8LS. SCREAM must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover. Sale agents, Australia and New Zealand: Gordon and Gotch Ltd. South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden. Printed in England by Southernprint Ltd., Brinksway, Poole, Dorset. © IPC Magazines Ltd 1984.

# FINCHES and NEW-GARDENS





# monster

ON THE HILL, HUNTED AND WATERS... THEN  
HAD TRAUMED THROUGH THE CHILL  
SCOTTISH NIGHT UNTIL THE SWEET  
LEGS COULD WALK NO MORE.

**SCREEN**  
SCRIPT:  
JOCK CLARK  
ART:  
REYNOLD  
LETTERING:  
T. BARNES



THEY FOUND SHEETED IN  
AN OLD SHEPHERD'S LODGE,  
AND POL YOUNG A HEAVY  
COLLAPSE THE SWIFT  
BLACKNESS OF TULIP  
BLOTTED OUT THE VOICES  
OF THE PAST FEW DAYS.



SO, IT'S YOU TWO - THE LADDER  
WITH THE MIGHTY... THIS IS  
IN THE EVERY DAY'S PAIN  
I OVERDID - THERE'S A  
POT SEWING FOR THE PAIR  
WHO TRAVELED IN THE PAIR!



"LARGE, MISTER, DON'T  
HANG US ON - TO THE  
POLICE - THEY'LL USE  
UNDOLE PEARLY AWAY  
FOR EVER!"



BEST THING FOR HIM,  
TODAY - HE'S KILLED FOUR  
MEN - OUT OF THE WAR,  
LADDER!

THE POWERS, BOURNEN  
TURNED MINDFUL AS-ON



"CANDID, MISTER,  
ON YOUR BEST!"

DON'T  
HURT HIM,  
MISTER!



"HURRO TELL ME  
TERRA HURRO YOU!"

AND, UNLESS  
TELL ME - CON-  
HE'S GOT A  
GUN!



BAAAD!  
MULE?

W- WEE?  
BAAAD?  
MULE?

POACHERS LOST HIS  
HIS FOOTING, BUT THE  
TRIGGER PULLED BACKED  
HIS TRIGGER, FINGER,  
AND...

G-GUN'S  
DONE  
OFF!

AAAAH!

MEANT SLUMPED BACKWARDS...

WHAAAA? WHO'S  
SHOOTING, POACHER?



TEEEEE  
HUUUU  
YOU!

HE'S SLUMPED  
GUN! IT TURNING IT  
TOWARDS ME!

THE POACHER'S FINGER  
ACCIDENTALLY TIGHTENED  
ON THE TRIGGER, AGAIN...

BRANNO - BRANNO!  
HUUUUU  
PREENN!

AAARRGH!

OH, NO, UNCLE  
TRIVY! NOT  
AGAIN!

YOUU  
OOLLAATE  
PREENN!

Pretty good -  
but I guess I can  
walk. We've got  
to get away  
from here.



WITH A LAST EFFORT, THE TUBED, INJURED BOY PULLED OFF THE ROAD--



AND COLLAPSED--



UNCLE TERRY CARRIED THE UNCONSCIOUS BOY TOWARDS THE IRON GATES--



HAD KENNY BEEN CONSCIOUS, HE WOULD HAVE SEEN THE WARNING, BUT UNCLE TERRY COULDN'T READ--



BUT HE WAS GOING TO LEARN, THE HARD WAY!



Next Monday: Dog-Fight!